

Ciri Settles Up

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Ciri Settles Up

by [MayorHaggar](#)

Summary

When Ciri foolishly bets and loses her medallion in a game of gwent against a dwarf, she decides to offer something else in exchange.

Notes

Despite how the summary might make it seem, everything is consensual here, and fun is had by all.

"Ha! You lose again, lass!"

Ciri just stared down at the table and shook her head in disbelief.

"Fucking spies *again*!" she shouted. She beat her fist down on the table in anger. She refused to ever use the Nilfgaard gwent deck for personal reasons, but she'd never seemed to have much luck when playing against anyone who used it. She'd come *so* close to winning both of the first two games she'd played against her dwarven opponent, which was why she'd demanded another match even after losing all of her spending money in the first two. But just when she'd thought her new Skellige deck was going to prevail at last, he'd brought out the damn spies and beaten her again.

"I think you have something that belongs to me," he said, looking at her expectantly.

Ciri clutched her cat medallion in her hand and frowned. She'd been so fired up, so sure of her victory and, admittedly, just drunk enough that wagering her medallion in the absence of any more gold to bet had seemed like a great idea. But now she'd lost, and it didn't seem like such a smart decision after all.

Even though the medallion was not technically *hers* in the sense that she'd earned it through formal training with one of the witcher schools, it was still a treasured possession of hers. Official or not, she *was* a witcher now in all the ways that mattered, and losing this symbol of it felt like failure. She'd already lost it once while dealing with those witches, but losing it as a result of a game of gwent felt like a far bigger deal to her. She could just imagine Geralt looking at her in silent disapproval when she had to tell him that she'd wagered her medallion on a game of gwent.

"Is there any way I can talk you into letting me keep it?" she asked, grimacing as she made eye contact with the dwarf who had now beaten her three times in a row. She gave no thought to the idea of accusing him of cheating. Drunk or not, she felt very sure that she would have noticed any tricks should he have tried them, but there had been absolutely nothing to suggest any foul play on his part. He'd beaten her fair and square. Well, she still thought the spy cards were completely overpowered and refused to use them herself, so maybe there was part of her that didn't think it was *totally* fair. But they were approved cards, and her opponent had used them to great effectiveness. As frustrated as she might be, she would not question his victory.

He laughed. "If you have anything of greater value to give me in exchange, I'm all ears. But you already said you have no more coin on you, and you don't seem to be carrying much. And I doubt you'd be willing to give up the sword, seeing as that looks far more valuable. Though we could play one more game, if you like. You put the sword up, and I'll wager the medallion plus half the coin I already won off of you."

"No, definitely not," she said, shaking her head. Losing her sword was out of the question. She would not trade it for anything, and no matter how drunk she got or how much she wanted to win, she would never be willing to risk it in a game of gwent, not even to get her medallion back.

"Your choice," the dwarf said with a shrug. "But if you don't want to bet the sword and you've got nothing else to trade or wager, I'll have to ask you to give me that medallion now."

Ciri sighed and let her hand rest on the medallion again. She'd lost fair and square, and she was not someone who would renege on her debts. Even if she could easily overpower this dwarf and walk out of the tavern without anyone being able to stop her, that wasn't something she would stoop to. She would just have to turn over the medallion, think about how she was going to explain this to Geralt and vow to never drink alcohol before sitting down for a game of gwent again.

Ciri looked back up from the medallion and back towards the dwarf again, hoping to find some way to sweet talk him into letting her keep it, or maybe come up with some kind of alternate payment, but as she did so she noticed that his eyes were looking straight down her white blouse and at her cleavage. It was unexpected, but seeing it got Ciri's mind racing. Maybe there was a way she could convince him to let her keep the medallion after all.

"Now that I think about it, I think I might be able to offer you something you'd like even better than the medallion," she said. She played with the collar of the shirt a bit, exposing the pale skin of one shoulder before pulling it back into place. The tease did not go unnoticed by the dwarf, but his smile was as wary as it was interested.

"Spell it out for me, lass," he said. "What exactly are you offering?"

"Me," she said simply. "I'm offering to go back to your room and spend the next hour or so paying for my medallion with my body. Any way you want it, in any hole you want it, so long as it's just you and me and you don't try to stick anything other than your cock inside of me."

His smile widened. "A good offer," he said. "But I have one condition I'd like to change."

"Oh? And what's that?" she asked, curious but cautious. He was interested, and that was a good sign. But she'd traveled far enough and heard and seen enough to know that there were some things he might ask for that she just wouldn't be willing to do. It was a wide world, and there were some pretty freaky people in it.

"I want to fuck you right here," he said. Ciri laughed, but it died off quickly when she looked at him expecting him to laugh back only to receive a nod.

"You're serious?" she said. "There are *people* here!" Not many of them, to be fair; this wasn't one of the better taverns in Dorian, and Dorian wasn't a big city to begin with so even the more commonly visited taverns didn't get anywhere near as many visitors as some of the others Ciri had been to during her travels. There were only six people here currently by her count, and that number included the two of them and the owner. None of the other patrons had paid more than passing interest to them and their game of gwent, and even then it was only when they got particularly loud that she noticed any looks. But that would change quickly if she started removing clothes, to say nothing of all the attention they would draw if she actually fucked him here!

"Not people; dwarves," he said, not sharing her concern. It was true that she was the only human here while everyone else was a dwarf, including the owner, but she didn't see why that mattered.

"Human, dwarf or doppler, I think we'd draw some attention," she protested.

"Ay, we'll get some looks," he said. "But that's kind of the point. Who'd ever believe me if I said I fucked a lass as fine as you unless they actually saw it for themselves?"

"I *don't* want anyone to believe you," she hissed. Small city and mostly empty tavern or not, she didn't want anyone to start spreading stories about the human woman who fucked a dwarf in the middle of a tavern after a game of gwent. "That's not exactly the reputation I want to build."

"Like I said, no one outside of this tavern would ever believe it," the dwarf said. "Yeah, those four up there will watch it, and they might talk all about it. But no one's gonna listen to them, and I can tell you that minus two or three other regulars that might show up, this is all the patronage this little hole is likely to see tonight. Your story's not gonna spread far." When she still looked indecisive, he shrugged. "Your choice, but that's my deal. You're a pretty lass, but I bet I could sell that medallion for more than enough coin to afford a high-class whore. That's not what I'm lookin' for though. Anybody can buy a whore to fuck in private, but I want you right here on the table."

Ciri groaned unhappily, but it was obvious to her that his mind was made up. This wasn't a situation where she could call his bluff, because she was convinced that he was not bluffing. If she tried that, he probably really would sell the medallion. Depending on who he went to he might be able to afford several nights' worth of whores for what he got in return, but the allure of fucking her instead was that he could do it right here, right now. It would be humiliating, but the tavern *was* out of the way and mostly empty, and she thought he was right about no one believing the story unless they were actually there to see it. The four others in here with them would always know what Ciri had done to hold onto her medallion, but no one else would believe it. And she would never have to tell Geralt that she'd been drunk enough and stupid enough to bet her medallion on a game of gwent.

"If we do that, you have to make sure no one else tries to get involved," she said. "No one else gets to touch me." The last thing she needed was the other dwarves thinking that her stripping down in the middle of the tavern and fucking him was an open invitation for some kind of public gangbang.

He chuckled. "No need to worry on that count, lass. I want them to see it all because I want to be able to rub it in their faces every time I come to this little hole for the rest of my life. Letting any of them join in would ruin all the fun."

Well that was something anyway, she supposed. "And no anal sex. I would only have done that with the proper preparation and in the comfort of a bed, and since you're offering neither, that's out." She wasn't very fond of anal sex to begin with, but doing it dry on top of a wooden table was not something she had any intention of trying to endure. She'd rather put up with Geralt's look of disappointment than that.

The dwarf frowned at this, but he nodded after a few seconds of thought. "It's a shame to miss out on that arse, but it's worth it if it means I get to brag about this night to all these bastards for years to come. You've got yourself a deal, lass."

"Right then," Ciri said. She stood up from the table and took a deep breath, trying to inject herself with some confidence. It would hardly be her first time having sex, but she'd never done so in quite this public a setting. Even though there would only be a handful of dwarves there to actually witness it, it was still more than a little embarrassing.

"Let's get on with it, then," he said, looking up at her and remaining seated. She stared at him, waiting to see if he would give her any sort of actual direction, but he just sat and watched. Apparently he was going to leave it up to her as to what exactly she did, at least for the moment. Ciri decided to use that to her advantage and keep her clothes on for the time being even as she began her work. The less time she spent naked the better, right?

That didn't mean she didn't draw plenty of interest when she got down on her knees in front of him and began to undo the brown trousers he was wearing. She heard the muttering begin, but she didn't dare look behind her or over her shoulder. She just focused on getting his trousers undone so she could start pleasuring him. The sooner she began the sooner she would be finished.

"Feel free to look all you want, lads, but you better stay in your seats," her gwent opponent said. "The lass here is just settling a debt, and you're lucky enough to have a seat for it. That's all. If you get any funny ideas about doing anything other than looking, this'll all end and I'll take her out of here with me where none of you will be able to watch."

It was a relief for Ciri to hear him warn off the others. She might have to listen to them talking and reminding her that she had an audience, but as long as they stayed back there, stayed out of sight and didn't try anything she could do her best to ignore them and just get this over with.

The one thing she hadn't even spent much time considering was the size of his cock or how difficult it might be to deal with. She was no blushing virgin, after all, and he was a dwarf. Surely his dick would be proportionate with the rest of his body and nowhere near the size of an adult human's. That meant it would be fairly easy for her to handle. It also meant it wouldn't be likely to bring her much pleasure, but feeling good was secondary for her right now. It was all about letting him have his fun, getting him off and walking out of here with her medallion still in her possession.

All of that changed as soon as she pushed his trousers and underclothes down his legs and got her first look at his cock. She could not contain the startled gasp that emerged when she saw him. His body might be smaller than a human's, but at least one part of his anatomy was capable of matching if not surpassing what she was used to.

It would have been impossible for him to miss her reaction from so close. He laughed deeply when he heard her gasp and saw her staring at him with such awe. "This must be your first look at a dwarf's cock," he said. "No, you're not imagining things. I really am that big."

"It's always fun to see a human woman get her first look at dwarf cock," one of the dwarves from elsewhere in the tavern said. "They can never quite believe it."

"Just imagine if it was *me* she had to suck off instead of old Marcus," another said. The dwarf she was tasked with servicing, whose name was apparently Marcus, snorted. His name had not come up at any point during their gwent game, nor had she given hers, thankfully.

"You wouldn't know what to do with a lass like this, Trev," Marcus said. "Now sit back there and watch as the beautiful human earns her medallion back."

Ciri took that as her signal to begin, and she did so. She wouldn't deny feeling a little flutter of excitement as she wrapped her hand around the dwarf cock and started to stroke it. Whatever her reasons for doing this might have been, Ciri liked sex as much as the next girl. She liked a big hard cock, and she also liked a beautiful woman's head between her legs; she was flexible on her choice of partners. But lately she'd been so busy with her travels and her witcher work that she hadn't been able to find much time for companionship, and she'd never been able to bring herself to pay a visit to a brothel like she knew Geralt often did when he spent too long on the road away from Yennefer, Triss and whoever else wanted to hop into his bed free of charge. It had been just her own fingers that had brought her pleasure for far too long now for her liking, and it seemed like this dwarf might be able to change that. If so, Ciri welcomed it. If she had to do this anyway, she might as well get as much satisfaction out of it as she was able.

Her satisfaction, if it was to come, would have to wait for later though. For now she had him to focus on. She could never lose sight of what she was here for, which was to please him and walk out of here with her medallion intact. Even though his cock was one of the biggest she'd seen, Ciri wasn't overwhelmed by it. She knew how to suck a cock, and she was quick to show him what she knew.

She ran her tongue along the head of his cock and up and down his shaft to warm him up, and then she took him between her lips and began to suck. It was interesting how much different she felt about this now that she was actually doing it. When she'd been envisioning it and bracing herself for the duty she needed to carry out, she'd imagined it as just that: a duty. She'd been focused only on how she would get through it and how fast she could make him cum. But she felt differently now.

Maybe it had just been so long that she was getting into the mood quickly, or maybe seeing his cock and seeing that he had plenty to work with had turned this from an obligation to something she was actually excited about. Either way, Ciri suckled the tip of his dwarven cock and stared up at him with far more enthusiasm than she'd expected to feel. And after she suckled the tip for a bit she started to bob her head on him, and she didn't have to try hard to make herself moan around his cock.

"Ahh, that's it, lass!" he groaned. "This might be your first time with a dwarf, but you know your way around a cock, that's for sure! I doubt I'd have gotten anything better even if I'd sold your medallion off and spent it all at the brothel!"

Some women wouldn't have looked on being told they were sucking cock as well as a whore as a compliment, but Ciri wasn't one of them. She wasn't upset to be compared to a whore;

even if that wasn't the life she'd chosen for herself, she actually respected them for using what they had and doing what they needed to do to earn a living. She saw having her oral talent compared to one of them as a positive thing, especially since she was currently relying on those skills to make up for a foolish wager she'd made. That was why she reacted to his words not with disgust or anger, but with an even more determined bobbing of her head.

Blowjobs weren't just all about the simple bobbing and sucking though, whatever some women might have believed. Ciri knew better. She knew that the sights and sounds were important too, and that was why she made sure to make as much eye contact as she could with him, and also why she slurped around his cock a bit more loudly than was really necessary. The lewd sounds and the look in her eyes would only make things better for him.

She didn't stop there though. In addition to the steady blowjob, she used her hands as well. She rubbed at his shaft, touching whatever happened to not be in her mouth at the time, and would occasionally rub at or lightly squeeze his balls as well.

"Now I'm starting to feel like I should return some of your coin to you," he said through a groan as she bobbed her head on him while squeezing one of his balls. "The medallion doesn't feel like enough payment for a sucking this good."

Ciri continued to give him reasons to feel like he was getting the better end of this deal. When she pulled his cock out of her mouth, it was to rub it against her face lovingly, which was immediately followed by the far less gentle slapping of it against her cheek. Then she took it right back into her mouth and started sucking again, and this time she showed him just how far down she could take him. She bobbed and kept bobbing, taking his thick cock all the way down her throat and holding it there for several long seconds while staring up at him. She took a few seconds to get her breath back, then went right back down and deepthroated him again. She held him down there even longer this time, and his eyes actually closed for a second as he groaned and his hips jerked on the chair beneath him.

"That's it, lass!" he shouted. "Take it all down! Swallow all of my dwarven cock!" His hands went to the top of her head, and she allowed it to happen. Usually she would bat away the hands of a man who tried to get grabby like this while she was sucking his cock, as she liked to remind them that she was the one who had a very delicate and important part of their body under her control. But she didn't mind it so much now. Obviously there was an element of submissiveness here just because of how and why she was on her knees in front of the table sucking him off, but beyond that there was just something about it that didn't bother her this time for whatever reason.

She didn't bat his hands away. Not only did she allow him to hold her head down on his cock, she hummed around him, letting him feel the vibrations of her throat around his cock. That proved to be the end for him, but she wasn't forced to take his cum down her throat. She would have done so if necessary, and she would have shown him that she could handle it. But that wasn't what he wanted from her.

Instead he pulled his hips back, held his cock and sprayed his cum all over her face. Ciri quickly closed her eyes on reflex, not having expected the surprise facial. She kept her eyes squeezed shut, but she could feel his cum spraying across both cheeks, on her lips and chin and then finally a couple of finishing bursts landed directly on her forehead. He rubbed his

cock against the side of her face and gave it a couple of weak slaps against her cheek, presumably to make sure he'd gotten it all out.

"Now that's a sight more than worth anything I could have gotten for selling that medallion off," Marcus said. There were other comments from their small audience. Some of them mocked Marcus for finishing so quickly, but Ciri was pretty sure she heard envy in their voices even as they said it. Mainly they taunted her about being dirtied by thick dwarven cum, but their insults didn't bother Ciri in the least. It had been a long time since she'd felt like such a sexual being, and even though her sexuality had never taken quite this explicit or public a turn, she didn't shy away from it. She didn't know how she was going to feel about this later, when she was back in her room and the alcohol and the lust had worn off. Maybe sober Ciri would be embarrassed at how casually she took the facial in the middle of this tavern, but the Ciri that was using her body to hold onto her medallion slipped into her role of public exhibitionist with greater ease than she'd expected.

"As good as your face looks covered in my cum, I still have plenty left for you," he said. "Let's get you out of those clothes, lass. And make a show of it. That way you'll give me more time to get ready for you."

Ciri wiped at her face slightly, but mainly just to make sure nothing would get in her eyes. A more thorough cleaning would come later, but right now there was no point in worrying about the state of her face or her skin in general. She was about to get a lot dirtier.

She did as he asked, stripping down with more theatrics than she otherwise would have. What she was wearing made it somewhat difficult, as she was dressed in her usual traveling clothes rather than a sexy dress or something, but she focused more on moving her body as she went along. She wiggled around as she pulled her white shirt up her arms and above her head, and swung it around in her hand before tossing it aside. There were some whistles from the other dwarves, but she focused on Marcus. He smiled, but shook his head when her hands went to her medallion.

"No, leave that on," he said. "Since you're working so hard to keep it, you might as well keep in on you." She shrugged; if that's what he wanted, that was fine. It wasn't like the medallion would impede her at all. "And keep the boots too," he said next. That did make things a bit more difficult for her, as it meant she had to slide her bottoms over her boots instead of simply kicking them off first, but that only slowed her down slightly. She bent over to get them off, and in the process offered quite a view to her audience.

"Say what you want about humans, but I've never seen a dwarf with an arse like that," one of them said. There were agreements voiced, and Ciri, feeling naughty and truly embracing her role for the night, gave her hips a shake and made her arse jiggle. There was laughter and applause that greeted her.

"You really could make a lot of coin if you did this for a living," Marcus said as he watched her. He motioned with his finger, wanting her to spin around, and she did so. She repeated her hip shake, allowing him to see her arse jiggle as well. "Not many girls who look like you would have the first clue how to use a sword like that one you've got with you."

“I do,” she said. “If you think I’m good at this, you should see me fight.”

“I don’t doubt it,” he said. “You don’t get scars like yours and live to talk about it unless you can fight back. I’m glad you fought me with a gwent deck rather than a sword.”

“So am I,” she said. She didn’t think this dwarf would have been any match for her in a fight, but since this was the result she was almost happy to have lost so thoroughly. Maybe she’d be embarrassed of how far she’d gone later on, not to mention how much she’d gotten into it. But she was just drunk enough and just horny enough to actually feel excited about what was to come, and when his hand landed on her arse with a firm clap, she gasped and wiggled some more. He gave her a couple more slaps across her rear before his hand pulled away.

“I could spend hours spanking you and watching your arse jiggle, but I’m ready for more now,” he said. She looked over her shoulder at him, and sure enough his cock was erect once more. She knew where it was going next, and she was happier for it than she’d expected to be. The only question was how they were going to do it, but that wasn’t a question she needed to answer. She would only need to wait for him to tell her what he wanted from her.

“Part of me wants to just sit here, have you climb on top with your back to me and watch you bounce away,” he said. That sounded just fine to Ciri, but he shook his head. “But I can’t let you leave here thinking that dwarves don’t know how to fuck. You showed me what you could do, and now it’s time for me to do the same.” He stood up from his chair, and pointed at Ciri. “You get down on your hands and knees. I’ll take you from behind.”

Ciri did so quickly, dropping down onto all fours and stretching out, waiting for him to fuck her. The wood floor of the tavern was dirty and far from comfortable, but nothing bothered Ciri right now. If he wanted to fuck her like a bitch on the uncomfortable floor while the handful of dwarves lucky enough to be there watched, so be it. Her body would probably be sore afterwards, but it was nothing that she didn’t deserve. Maybe she would remember that soreness the next time she thought about doing something as stupid as betting her medallion in a game of gwent. In the meantime, she was going to try and make the most of this situation and enjoy this as much as possible.

The dwarf made that very easy on her, because the feel of his cock brushing against her, hot and hard and ready, threatened to steal her breath. It was only as she was moments away from taking his cock inside of her that she fully appreciated just how much she’d missed the feeling of a nice hard fuck.

That was just what she got too, because he gave her a big opening thrust and didn’t pause in the slightest to allow her to adjust to having her first dwarven cock inside of her. He’d promised to show her what dwarves were capable of, and he seemed determined to represent his entire race with every hard and deep thrust into her. He was succeeding quite spectacularly. There wasn’t anything necessarily different in how he fucked her or what his cock felt like inside of her, but as far as an individual basis went he gave it to her harder than just about any human she could think of. And for Ciri, who preferred a good hard pounding above all else when she was with a man, this was an ideal way to impress her.

She was moaning right from the beginning, and it had nothing to do with wanting to boost his ego or give him something to brag about to this handful of dwarves like he’d talked about

earlier. It would do so, but that was just a happy coincidence. Ciri's moans were entirely genuine and about nothing more complex than her enjoying a big dick and a hard fuck for the first time in far too long.

Though the public nature of this had concerned her when he'd first countered her offer, she found that it was only adding to her excitement now. There was just something about the taboo thrill of getting fucked on her hands and knees in the middle of a tavern floor while the patrons and even the owner watched, talked and laughed about it that made everything even more exciting. She wouldn't have wanted word to spread beyond this tavern and this small group, but giving all of them this little private show was more fun than she'd expected.

Even if that little bonus hadn't been there, the simple physical pleasure would have been plenty for her to be excited about. It might have been her first time with a dwarf but the pleasure that his powerful thrusts brought her was both familiar and welcome. None of her other concerns mattered to her at all now. It didn't matter that she'd only offered to do this at first so she could hold onto her medallion, nor did it matter that there were four other dwarves watching and commenting throughout it all. The only thing that mattered to her now was the big cock slamming inside of her and filling her up so well. Marcus was taking his pleasure and claiming his payment, but that wasn't even a thought in Ciri's head at this point. The *slap* of his hips hitting her and her budding pleasure was all that was on her mind now.

She stopped just short of begging for him to make her cum, but that was only because there was no need. He had been going all-out from the very beginning and did not slow down at any point either to recover or simply to tease her, so there was no time for her to be reduced to that kind of desperation. That was just how she liked it. There were no games and no bullshit here. He was just plowing her hard from beginning to end, and giving her all of the pleasure she could ask for. That wasn't his concern, of course; he was taking care of himself. Another girl in her position might have endured this with reluctance and just tried to suffer through it, but not Ciri. Ciri was having the time of her life, and she wasn't shy about moaning out her pleasure and letting them all hear just how much she liked it.

Ciri felt him pull his cock out of her, and she was partially aware of the dwarf spraying his seed across her back and down onto her arse. But that was something she only paid a minimal amount of attention to, because her own orgasm demanded the bulk of her attention. She moaned louder than ever as it hit, and her voice drowned out the jeers and applause from their audience, which had grown by a couple in the middle of the fuck without her realizing it.

It took a moment for the pleasure to recede enough for her to return to herself, and remember the position that she was in. But even as she felt Marcus running his fingers through her hair and heard the continued applause from behind her, she didn't get struck by a sudden bout of embarrassment and shyness. She didn't even make any attempt to cover or clean herself up. She remained down on her hands and knees, not feeling in any great hurry to get up despite offering quite a view in her current position.

"Now that was a very fair exchange," Marcus said. "You've more than earned the right to hold onto that medallion, lass."

Ciri looked up at him, and for a moment she thought about thanking him, getting up and preparing to make her exit. It seemed that he was satisfied and viewed her side of the bargain as having been fulfilled, so she was free to leave now. But as she thought about how long it had been since she'd had a good hard fuck, and wrinkled her nose at the prospect of returning to her cold, empty bed at the nearby inn, she decided she wasn't ready to call it a night just yet. She didn't know if her dwarven opponent had anything left for her, but there was only one way to find out.

"I still say I could have beaten you," she said. "One more round and I think I would've crushed you with my Shield Maidens."

He laughed. "You're welcome to try your luck again anytime, but you'll have to get your hands on some coin first. Unless you're feeling so lucky that you want to bet that medallion all over again?"

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I can't make that mistake again." And she meant it. The medallion was too important to her, and she wasn't about to do something so careless and stupid with it again. "But perhaps we can play for different stakes. You bet half of the coin you won from me, and I'll wager another round of the 'payment' I just made."

Any question about whether or not he would be up for more was answered when he smiled and nodded. "You're on, lass."

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